## DOWN SOUTH.

THE PHANTOM PORTRAIT. estone Township, Dec. 31.—Christmas day passed with extreme quietness on our mountain. Every body who could do so went to Asheville. On the path which circles round below us we saw, about sunrise, several carts moving toward the town; they came from farms even more remote than ours, and were going to the State road by the nearest ways, bumping and sidling about among the deep ruts. On the bottom of each cart were seated the women with their babies. They were chewing snuff and calling to each other in their flat, nasal voices that seem as devoid of expression as do their yellow, thin faces. I have not seen a fat mountain woman. Evidently this region and this way of life are not fave will to the secretion

Amabel and I wandered out upon the cart-path that we might see these people. We met two men on fine-looking horses, each man having a woman behind him, clasping him about the waist. Each woman had on white apron with a ruffle at the bottom of it. As they came opposite, the men took off their hats, and the women said "Howdy?" staring persistently, as we also did. In one of the carts, with three other women almost as repulsive, I felt sure I saw Ole Pink. head was set far back in a dingy sun-bonnet and she scrupulously continued to look the other way after her first glance at us; but it was Ole Pink. Sally and her new husband had started long ago for the walk to Asheville. Sally said she would be back in time to make us egg-nog in the evening; we knew better than that. A few broad-hatted mountaineers with guns in the hellow of the arm came loping toward us from the long vista of the path, crossing light and shade in the most picturesque manner. Almost everything is picturesque here. Squalor often enough has the picture element in it, but the thrifty

ountry is more rarely the place for the artist.

We never go to walk without finding broad flakes of mica glittering in the loose soil. Amabel professed to be greatly astonished at this. She declared that she did not know that mica grew in this way, but had thought it was manufactured. She seemed perfectly reckless in thus proclaiming her ignorance of geology. The twins assured us that it had growed on these mountings sence afore they was borned, there was a

right smart of it everywhere.

The twins had joined us in this strell, bursting out of the woods with the degs, and rushing around us like hurricanes, but with shricks and laughter like

It was on this occasion that we made what seemed to us a very singular discovery, or rather the twins made the discovery, and shouted to us, dancing up and down in their excitement. They stood by the stump of an enormous white oak which had been sawed down, consequently the stump had a broad smooth surface.

Ella pointed a dingy finger at Amabel while she screamed "It's her! It's her! Jis' luke at it!" and then Ellen extended her finger and echoed the tone

We supposed it was some poor jest that was ening, and we were very leisurely in approaching, while the children danced in impish impatience, and the dogs nosed around the roots. The twins appeared to regard their discovery in the light of something

When at last we reached the spot I was inclined to the idea of a miracle myself, for there was sketched on the top of the stump, the full-length figure of a woman, in a round hat, with face turned aside. The lines were of the very fewest and roughest; it was not such more than the hint of a sketch, with no technical skill in it, but the figure and the attitude were unmistakably the figure and the attitude of Amabel, who stood now, quite stiff with surprise, gazing at the stump. The work was evidently done with a bit of half-burnt wood. Indeed the black stick was dropped near, and Little Bull was at this moment turning it over with his nose.

My friend looked frightened and I also felt a sense of something eeric hanging about us. At last I suggested to Amabel that she must have a lover among these mountains. She held up her hand to stop me

"Don't make light of this," she said. "It must be a warning. It's a forerunner A forerunner of what?"

"I don't know. Perhaps of the shakes ; or a rattle snake bite; or that I'm going to be a snuff chewer."

She looked again at the picture with absolute terror
in her face. But she could not tell, as we could, how very like the sketch was to her. After the twins had gazed at us a moment, a look of fear came into their expression. As we at last walked homeward they kept glancing back, as if the thing on the stump up and pursue us. I was conscious of reciprocal sensation; and yet, now that I could not see the sketch, I began to doubt whether I had seen it at all. Was it possible that there was an outline portrait of my friend on the top of a stump here on a North Carolina mountain? I laughed at my fancies.

I furtively glanced at Amabel and was not cheered
by her awe-struck countenance. When we had gone a little further my companion asked me if I believed in Spiritualism; if I had ever entered into Psychic Research, and what I thought of the astral body. These questions helped to cast a gloom upon the benignant winter synshine. I did not go by a large tree on the way to the cabin without imagining that tree sawed down and a charcoal sketch upon the stump; perhaps a sketch of me. What was I that I was not as likely to be taken in this way as any one? Nay, perhaps, already there was a smooth stump in North Carolina woods with myself in black and white upon it. And what a touch of skill there was in the lines! Altogether this discovery was mysterious and charming, and somehow dreadful

Amabel and I agreed that if the twins had not known, we would, for the present, have kept the affair a secret, while we made stealthy investigations. But the twins did know, and they proclaimed their knowledge the moment they stepped foot in the cabin.

What they said was that "thur war er pictur er Miss Am'bel in thur woods, an' they reckoned the devil must er done hit with er stick outer his fire; an' uld n't they go ter the Junction fur er preacher? It was not to be wondered at that Mrs. bewildered, and she continued bewildered when we had made all the explanation possible. After an animated discussion of the subject, Mrs. Ayer made the only sensible remark which had yet been spoken. She said that probably one of the Northern artists who come to these mountains for "material" had done this thing. This, indeed, was reasonable; but in my secret heart I did not accept these reasonable words. What truly feminine soul would immediately have given up all the glamor of mystery connected with discovery of that sketch? And was it likely that a Northern artist would have spent a moment in the delineation of a figure which had nothing "local" about Besides, the thing was not the work of an artist, it was the work of an ignorant hand with a natural Before the sun had set we had taken Mrs. Ayer to view our discovery. We were gratified to see that it made as strong an impression upon her as it had done upon us. She stood with dropped chin gazing from it to Amabel, and then back again. ejaculated that she had had no idea! As we walked back from this second visit to what Amabel called The Stump, Amabel again fell to discussing the subject of the astral body. She said she was not very clear in her ideas as to what an astral body was, but she did not suppose any one could have clear ideas on that topic. Still, if she thought anything, she guessed she thought that the sketch on The Stump was made by spirit hands and referred in some inscrutable way to her own astral body. She wished she could find a medium at a moment when all the conditions should happen to be right, both in this world and the next, nappen to be right, both in this world and the next, so that the medium might explain about that picture. Did they have mediums in Asheville? But if they did she did not suppose the conditions would be right, there would be an electric current somewhere where there ought not to be one, or there would not be one where it was proper an electric current should be and so the medium would be obliged to try again-for a consideration. She wished now she had studied more into Psychic Research, that winter she had been in Boston; but naturally she had not contemplated any such circumstance as this. There was, however, no telling when a person might stand in need of knowledge about Psychic things; a person might want that kind of knowledge all in a flash, as you needed a pistol when a burgiar entered your room at mid-She said we might laugh at her if we chose, but she guessed if we ever found our portraits on stumps we should wish we could find out what occult power had done the work.

rough mountain side on our return, stopping occasionally to pick up a particularly fine piece of mica, or poke over the dark earth in search of one of these rare gems which are sometimes found here. A bit of mica is not good for anything under the sun, but

one has to secure it all the same Since we have made the discovery concerning the heich not a day has passed that we have failed to visit what is usually known as the "phantom por-trait." Every time we start forth from the cabin we go with a feeling that something may happen when we get to the stump. It would be hard to tell what it is we expect to happen. There is a delightful palphation in our pulses when we catch the first elimpse of the place. We look at each other. Has

there been any change? The dogs know exactly when we are going, but they seem to have no sense of the mysterious, they have concluded that it is only a comnon stump, and they are sorry for us that we think

it is anything more.

The skeich has become much obscured in a pouring rain we have had since Christmas. Very soon there will be no sketch there. But we can always know that there has been one.

I should hardly have dared to say so much ab this particular incident if something had not at last

happened upon one of our visits to this spot.

Before we could see the place yesterday we heard
the dogs barking frantically. They had gone on ahead of us and of course were on the spot, They bark a good deal when human reason can find no course something in their tones which thrilled us with ex-We even paused, undecided whether to pectation. go on or not. But curiosity was stronger than fear We came out upon an opening from whence the dogs were visible. There was a man sitting on the portrait stump. Does this seem a very small annount to make? You may be sure the fact was no You may be sure the fact was not small to us. This man was plainly from the enlight-ened regions of the world. He might even have come from New-York. He did not see us. He was absorbed by the dogs. He wore a corduroy cap; his long, many pocketed ulster was opened and revealed a velvet coat, and a watch-chain with charms attached. entire suit was made of too large a checked cloth. He had rather long gray hair, a very long gray mustache curled up at the ends, and a little pointed beard. His eye-lids were swollen, and his cheeks puffy under his eyes. His gloves lay on the ground at his feet. He had a sketching pad on his knees. but his attention was given to the dogs. We had time to study him quite exhaustively, and were about going away, thinking we had found the maker of our sketch, when he turned, saw us, instantly rose and took off his cap.

DR. VAN DYKE'S ADVICE TO A CHURCH.

HE PLACES A YOUNG MINISTER IN ITS CHARGE -VIRTUES TO DE LOOKED FOR.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of the Brick Church, is singularly happy in his extempore addresses. At the installation of a young minister recently, he was the third speaker on the programme, and was not reached till nearly 10 o'clock. But his first moment before the audience arrested the attention of every one present, and his brief but telling address was received with much favor, in spite of the lateness of the hour. He began thus: "I shall ask you to note carefully the duty which is laid upon me. I am not put here to make a charge at the people, like the charge of th Light Brigade, and I am very glad of it, for I am not fond of fighting, and if I were I would not choose a congregation that had so many young men in it to I am not sent here to make a charge against the people, and I am very glad of it, for I do not know enough about you to tell you of your faults, and if did I do not believe I should choose to do so, for I do not believe in the method of reformation by faultfinding. It is a very common method, but I do not believe it is a good one. I am put here simply to give a charge to the people, or rather, to deliver a charge to the people. "You, by these services to-night, are put in charge

of certain things, and it is my duty to remind you of the things which are your charge. And, first of all, I say this minister here is your charge. Now, do not make any mistake about it, because the common way of speaking is just the reverse of that; the common way is to speak of the church as his charge, but I speak to you to-night and tell you that he is your charge-belongs to you. You have got to look after him-take care of him. It is your business to make the best of him and to get the most out of him that you possibly can.

Now, how are you going to do that? By criticis ing him, and finding fault with him? I rather ing him, and finding fault with him? I rather think not. Do you remember the story of the old Scotchman, who went into a barber-shop and said: 'Sandy, shave me as quick as you can.' 'Why must I shave you so quick, Mr. C—?' 'There is a meeting down to our church, and I must go down to find fault with the minister!' I do not think that was a very wholesome or a happy kind of a man to have in a congregation, and I do not think that man would discharge his duty toward the minister as he should. Of course you will find things in this man to criticise, if you look for them. I would not give much for a man who has no faults. Ten chances to one he has no virtues. But the way to make the best of a man is not to look at his faults, but at his virtues.'

FIGHTING A BEAR AND THREE CUBS. White Camp (W. Va.) story in The Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The morning I met the bears," said Spruce Williams, "I started down the creek to my cornfield, about a quarter of a mile below the house. I took nothing with me, except a big hickory stick, not expecting to see anything at that late hour in the morning. I had entered the field, but had not passed a dozen corn shocks before I heard a loud snort and a grunt of some animals, which I instantly recognized as bears, not twenty feet away. While I was looking around for the bears a half-grown cub ran out of a shock of fodder close to my side. Without stopping to think I ran up to the cub and hit it a welt with the club. The bear tumbled over on its back and began to cry and whine. Before I could hit it again the old she-bear came tearing up, followed by the other two cubs, and then I had my hands full. There was more White Camp (W. Va.) story in The Cincinnati Enquirer.

to think I ran up to the cub and hit if a well with the club. The bear tumbled over on its back and began to cry and whine. Refere I could hit it again the old she-bear came tearing up, followed by the other two cubs, and then I had my hands full. There was more fight in those three bears than I ever saw before. They were in dead earnest from the start, and gave me no chance to back out or run off. The old bear came up, and when within a few feet of me she reared herself upon her two hind feet and tried to catch me in her arms. I gave her a welt over the nose which settled her back on all fours for a second; but before I could hit her again one of the cussed cubs had slipped up behind me and gave me a fearful rip with its sharp claws on the right leg. The claws tore my trousers and hide into ribbons and penetrated the flesh almost half an inch. Then it was hot work. All three came at me at once. I levelled one of the small ones, but got a ripper from behind again, and just then the old she-bear got close enough to strike me with her claws. She raked me, as you see, from my chest clear down to my waist, and would probably have killed me then and there if I had not been lucky enough to punch her in one of her eyes. The blow must have hurt terribly, for she laid down and rolled and whined, but I did not have a chance to finish her before the two biggest cubs came at me from both sides. I rained blows on their heads and bodies, but didn't succeed in getting in a real good one before they had about torn my hide and clothes into ribbons.

"Just at this time my foot struck a stone, which I saw was a big boulder weighing about eight or ten pounds. I dropped the stick and picked up the rock in a second, and let the big one have it right between the eyes. That settled her. I now had more time to devote to the cubs, and although I was mighty sore, and bleeding from dozens of wounds. I succeeded in finishing them. After the fight I dragged myself to the creek and jumped in. The cool water revived me somewhat and I finally

WE KNOW HIM WELL. H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press. We know him well. He is a man Built on the most stupendous plan, Flushed with health and strong of limb. A hero bold, a warrior grim. To those who know him not he may be— At home he's helpless as a baby.

He lets his tired little wife,
Who strangely loves him as her life,
Walt on him with devotion rare,
While with a most complacent air
And perfect case before the blaze he
Lolls around—because he's lazy.

His wife, afraid to own her soul, Chops the wood and lugs the coal, Draws the water, shovels snow. While he, a giant, sees her grow More delicate and less admired, Doing his work—because he's tired.

Shame on this semblance of a man, Shame on the woman, too, who can, se void of female spunk and sense, Coddle a creature so immense.

And good for notifing. Spanking, may be, By real men might help the baby.

THE DAILY WHISKEY TRAIN.

THE DAILY WHISKEY TRAIN.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Every night in the year, with the possible exception of Sundays and holidays, a train of twenty cars loaded with whiskey starts from the centre of the whiskey factories, Peoria, III. bound East. This whiskey factories, Peoria, III. bound East. This railroad procession is reinforced from three points, railroad procession is reinforced from three points, railroad procession body moves eastward with steady with the object of the property of the property of the procession of t

is like a red rag to a bull. He can shift he are from afar and enjoy that luxury, but the imperative order is "hands off."

It has been estimated that about 375.000 barrels of whiskey come from the West by trains during a whiskey come from the West by trains during a type of the sumber slightly over 225.000 barrels etty. Of this number slightly over 225.000 barrels and unknown by the local topers, to their destinations, and unknown by the local topers, to their destinations and unknown by the local topers, to their destinations and unknown by the local topers, to their destinations, and the only active of spirits that comes in great quantities to this city. They declare that more cars quantities to this city. They declare that more cars containing high wines are received here and are containing high wines are received here and are containing high wines are received here and are received from the West from five to six cars of whiskey per day, while on the average eight cars of whiskey per day, while on the average eight cars of whiskey per day, while on the average eight cars of whiskey per day, while on the average eight cars of whiskey same time. Opposed to the twelve cars of whiskey which are transferred to New-York daily at the Fifty-second-st. transfer station, are from fifteen to eighteen second-st. The fifty second-st. The fifty second-st. The fifty second-st. The

## TIN-TYPES.

TAKEN IN NEW-YORK STREETS.

VII. TULITZ.

Copyright: 1889: By The New York Tribune. With the circumstances that brought Tulitz into trouble, we have nothing to do. Indeed, whatever I may have known about them once I have long ago I seem to remember, but very vaguely, that he stabbed somebody, though, at the same time, I find in my memory an impression that he forged some body's name. This I distinctly recall, that the amount of ball in which he was held was \$5,000, a circumstance strongly confirmatory of the notion that his assault was upon life and not upon property. In this excellent country, where property rights are guarded with great zeal and care and the surplus population is large, we charge more for the liberty of forgers than of murderers. Had Tulitz committed forgery, his bail bond would scarcely have been less

than \$10,000. Since, beyond all question, it was only

\$5.000, I think I must be right in the idea that he

stabled a man.

It was in default of that sum, \$5,000, that Tulitz nonly called the Baron Tulitz, alias D' Ercevenne commonly called the Marquis D' Ercevenne, was committed to the Tombs Prison to await the action of the Grand Jury. At this time Tulitz-I call him Tulitz without intending any partiality for that name over the alias of D' Ercevenne, but merely because Tulitz is a shorter word to write. I doubt if he had any preference between them himself, except in the way of business. He was just as likely, other things being equal, to present his card bearing the words 'M. le Marquis D' Ercevenne," as his other card with the words upon it "Freiherr von Tulitz." It has been remarked frequently that when he was the Baron his tone and manner were exceedingly French, while when he was the Marquis he spoke with a distipct The nan accent. None of his acquaintances was able to account for this.



FP TOUSANT TOLLAIRE! VY YOU NOT MAKE HIM A HUNTRET TOUSANT!

But, as I was saying, when Tulitz was sent to the Tombs he was in hard luck. Formerly he had whipped the social trout-stream with great success. As the Marquis he had composed some pretty odes, had led the german at Mrs. de Folly's assembly, had driven to Hempstead with the Coaching Club and had been seen in Mrs. Castor's box at the opera. As the Baron Tulitz, he had attended the races, and had been a frequencer of all the great gaming re-sorts. The newspapers called him a "plunger," and a story went the rounds in which he was represented to have wrecked a pool-seller, who thereupon committed suicide. The Baron always de-nied this story, which the Marquis often repeated story, which the Marquis often repeated. indeed, the Marquis was often quoted to the Baron

But the tide had turned, and now Tulitz was on his back with never a friend to help him. "Fi' t'ousan' tollaire!" he exclaimed, as the Justice fixed his bail,

profound disgust. For two days he paced his cell with the restless, incessant tread of a caged hyena. He disdainfully rejected the beef soup, the hunk of bread and the black coffee served to him more or less frequently, and for two days and nights he neither ate nor spoke. The Tombs cells are built of thick stone, entered through a heavy iron door that is provided with a small grating. Tulitz's cell was on the second tier. Around this tier extends a narrow gallery, along which the guard walks every now and then, to see that all is as it should be. The guard annoyed Fulitz. Every time he passed he would peer in and give a This became painfully exasperating

prisonment, Tulitz, desperate with hunger, rage and despair, sat down upon the stool in his cell and glared viciously at the grating. The guard's face was there.
' Ha!" cried Tulitz, in a shrill voice, "keep avay! You tink I von tam mouse, and you ze cat, hey You sit outside ze cage viz your claw out and your ail stiff, ready to pounce on ze mouse. Mon Dieu! How I hate!" The guard unlocked the fron door and stepped in

" Don't make sech a racket over nawthin' "De warden says yer gotter do some catin'." "I kill ze warden if he keep not his mechant chute!" "Wotcher goin' ter do? Starve?" "If I choose starve, how you prevent him, hey? How make you me eat? Volla bete?" Tulitz drew

himself to his full height, turned up his shirt-sleeves and bared his great, muscular arm.

"Oh, all right," said the guard, "It's all one to me. Starve if yer wanter. I'm agrecable." "I vant notting, rein, rein!" said Tulitz. "I vant

"Dat zin't much. Mos' people wat comes here is to be leave alone." nore graspin'. Mos' people wants ter git out.

"Ha!" said Tulitz.

"De warden said fer me ter come in here an' tell yer he'd send fer anybody yer wanter see."

"Zere is nopotty."

"Aincher got no friends!"
"Ven I haf money, I have friend-beaucoup, more friend as I know vat to do viz. I had no money

"FI' tousant tollaire! Bah! Vat is fi' tousant tollaire! Many time I spend him viz no more care as I light my cigar. A bagatelle! But," and he added this with a curiously grim expression, "I haf no bagatelle to-day."

The guard sidled up to Tulitz and whispered in his ear, "What'll yer gimme if I gitcher a bondsman?"
"Ha!" said Tulitz, "you haf ze man?"

"I knows a man," replied the guard, reflectively, "who might do it on my recommend. Sometimes, w'en a man ain't got no frien's, but kin lay aroun' 'im an' scoop tergedder a couple er hundred dollars, I mention him ter my frien' wid a recommend, an' dat

mention him ter my free settles it, out he comes."
"Two hundret tollaire!" cried Tulitz, almost pitcously. "Ven I efer t'ink my liperty cost me two huntret tollaire and I had not got him. Zis blow kill all zat is to me of my self-respect! Je suis hors de

moi-meme!"
"Why, you orter be able to raise dat much tin,"

said the guard. Tulitz jumped from his bed to the floor with a cry such as a wild beast might have given as it sprang from peril into safety. He demanded pencil and pa-per, and with them he scribbled a message. "Send or me zat note;" he said. "Bring me a filet de for me can note: he said. Bring me a niet de boeuf, a pate de foi gras and a bottle of Burgundy, and bring him all quick! Corinne! La belle Corinne! Cherie amie, vot I haf svear I lofe and cherish! I

baf not remember you, Corinne!" A throng of people, big and little, young and old, were waiting in the corridors of the warden's office the ext morning, eager for the bell to strike the signal that would admit them into the prisons. They were mostly women. Here and there in the crowd was a little boy carrying a tin can with something in it

the sister of a man who shot another. He is no criminal. There was a quarrel about a matter of money. The lie was given, a blow followed and then a shot. Her brother a murderer! Her brother, all kindness, docility and goodness, locked up in a place
like this with thieves and hardened convicts! It mum," said the guard. "His name's Rivers." was a fatal shot-ah, me, so very fatal, so widely

Many of them, though, are laughing and joking with each other. They have got acquainted coming here to look after their husbands, lovers, brothers, fathers and sons. They bow cheerfly as they come in and say what a fine day it is and how they missed you yesterday and they hope nothing was the matter at home. Among them are brazen jades who chatter saucily with the guards, and these are the best treated of all. They are asked no gruff, surly questions, but with a wink and a jest, in they go.

On the outer edge of the crowd, among those who waited till the first rush was over, stood a dark, wiry little woman with a face remarkable alike for its resolution and its innocence. She could not have been ore than twenty-five years old. She looked as if she had seen much of the world but had filly learned the lessons of her experience. This combination of strength and simplicity had wrought a curious effect upon her manner. There was no timidity about her, but much gentleness. She was modest and clothed with repose, and yet the outlines of her face plainly informed you that in the presence of a sufficient emergency she was quite prepared to go anywhere or do anything.

"I want to see Monsieur Tulitz," she said to the entry clerk, when her opportunity came.

He gave her a ticket without asking any questions,

except the formal ones, and then turned her over to the matron.

The matron of the Tombs has been there many years and she knows how to read faces. "Your ticket says you are Madame Tulitz?" said

"I must search you." "Very well."

"It must be thorough."

" Very well."

"Please take off your hat and let down your hair. She did as she was bidden, and a great mass of dark hair tumbled nearly to her feet. The matron diately and with practical dexterity twisted it gain. Then her shoes, dress and corsets were up again. removed until the matron was enabled to tell that nothing could by any possibility be concealed about

"It's all right," said the matron. "I'm sorr to trouble you so much, but I have to be very careful." "You needn't apologize. Now can I go?"

" Yes." She adjusted her hat and proceeded through the long corridors out into the prison yard and thence into the old prison where Tulitz was confined. The guard who had sent her Tulitz's letter led her to his cell, and brought a stool for her to sit upon outside

his grated iron door.
"My ravissante Corinne!" cried Tulitz. She put her fingers through the bars and he bent to kiss them, coming, as he did so, in contact with two little files of the hardest steel.

" Diable!" he said. "I had them in my hat. I made them serve as the

stems of these lilies." "Ze woman she make ze wily t'ing. How your and charmante she seem for one so like ze fox! Ah, Corione, my sweetest lofe—" "You don't mean that:"

"Not mean him! Mon Dieu! How can you haf ze heart to say ze cruel word. Corinne, you are zo only frient I haf in ze whole bad worlt."

Yes, I know that. But not the only wife," "Why you torture me so, Cortane?" "I won't. We'll let it go. You need me,

suppose ?" You use all ze cold word, Corinne. I neet you! Oul, oul, I efer neet you. I neet you ven I stay from you zo longest. I neet you ven ze bad come into my heart and drive out ze good and tender, and leave only ze hard and make me crazy and full of dream of fortune. Zen I am out of myself and zen I neet you ze most, Corinne. Zat I haf been cruel and vicked, I know, but I am punish now. Now, I neet you in my despair, but if you come to speak bitter, I am sorry to haf send for you."

"I'll not be bitter, Tulitz. I don't believe you love me, and I never will believe it again. So don't

"You do pellet I lofe you."

" Cherie !"

" Don't, Tulitz !" "You know I had a so hot blood. It tingle viz lofe for you and I am sane. Zen I dream. I see some strange sight, power, money, ze people at my feetblending both his French and his German accent with strict impartiality, "V'y you not make him den, dwenty, a huntret t'ousandt!"

A penniless prisoner in the Tombs is not an object

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Corfine, if you see my heart, you vould not speak so cold. If I could preak zis iron door zat bar me

Court is a knowing fellow, and you want to mind your p's and q's. You want to be very confiding and affectionate in your manner toward me, and I'll do all the rest."

"Is there any danger, sir? Will we be found you could feel ze quick beat zat say, 'lofe! lofe! lofe!

-if I could take your hand and kees-" "Tulitz !"

" My sveetheart!" "Hush, please, Tulitz. Don't say those things now. I can't stand them. I shall scream. Tulitz, I love you so!" \_\_



I WANT TO SEE MONSIEUR TULITY." SHE SAID.

"Ah, I know zat. You haf no dream zat rob you of your mind. And I shall had no more soon. ze trial come, and ze shury make me guitty and ze

"Ze reech escape, little von. Ze poor nefer. Zat Is law. Ha! ha! you know not law. Law is zo science by vich a man who has money do as he tam please and snap his finger—so! and shrug his shoulder—so! and say, 'You not like it? Vat I care, Monsleur!' and by vich zo poor man, vedder he guilty or not, had no single chance, not von, to escape. Mon Dieu: I had not efen ze two huntret tollaire zat gif me my liberty till ze trial come."

"Neither have I, Tulitz, and the only way I can

get it is to part with something I love better than-never mind, you shall have the two hundred dollars." "You mean our ring, Corinne!"

"You shall not sell ze ring. Nefer :-"But I must. We will get it back."

"No, I forbid! I stay here first."
Corinne's face fairly glowed with tenderness "Let me do as I think best, darling," she said. "The first thing is to get you out of this wretched place. " The

Now, tell me all about it." He told her all, or, at least, all he needed to tell. and she left him with the understanding that she should meet the guard in the City Hall Park two hours later and arrange about the ball-bond with a man whom he should present to her. She hurried uptown and collected in her lodgings half a dozen valuable pleces of jewelry. These she took to a pawnshop and upon them she realized something more than the sum necessary to obtain Tulkx's bondsman. At the appointed hour she was walking leisurely through

mostly women. Here and there in the crowd was a little boy carrying a tin can with something in it good to eat, sent, doubtless, by his old mother to her scamp of a son. The little beggar has his first experiences of a prison administering to the comforts of his big, ruffiantly brother, the comforts of his big, ruffiantly brother, probably a great here in his eyes. For the most part, the crowd is made up of young women. There, part, the crowd is made up of young women. There, and the comforts of his big, ruffiantly brother, the comforts of broadcloth which, in its time, had been very fine indeed. But it was made for him when he was younger and less corpulent than now, and he bulged it out in a way that was trying to the stitches and the bulged women. The comforts of broadcloth which, in its time, had been very fine indeed. But it was made for him when he was younger and less corpulent than now, and he bulged it out in a way that was trying to the stitches and women. The comforts of broadcloth which, in its time, had been very fine indeed. But it was made for him when he was younger and less corpulent than now, and he bulged it o

shame. Yonder, terrified and broken-hearted, is vantage, were in a rebellious humor, like a glum soldier in need of sleep. His hair was bushy and gray, and his mustache meant to be gray, too, but his habit of chewing the ends of his cigars had resulted



MADAME TULITZ, I AM YOUR HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT."

"Madame Tulitz, I am your humble and obedient servant, Colonel Rivers, Colonel Edward Lawrence Rivers, and most happy in this unfortunate emergency to serve you. I have read in the papers of M. Tulitz's disagreeable—er, situation. It is a gross outrage. The ball is \$5,000, this gentleman tells me. In-famous, perfectly infamous! The idea of requiring such a bond for so trivial an affair. When I was in Congress I introduced an Amendment to the Consti-tution providing that no bail should be demanded in excess of \$500. It didn't get through; the capitalistic influence was too much for me. However, I'd just as lief, to tell the truth, go on M. Tulitz's bond for five thousand as for one. I know he'll be where he's wanted when the time comes, and if he isn't the ball-bond will. They'll have that to console themselves

"Where are we to go?" asked Corinne.

"To the police court. I'll show you, but when we get there you mustn't ask me any questions. Ask anybody else but me. I'm always very ignorant in the police court-never know anything, except my answers to the surety examination. Those I always learn by heart. Now-" he turned to the guard, and said parenthically, " All right, my boy," whereupon the guard disappeared. "Now, just take my arm, if you please, you needn't be afraid, ha! ha! I'm old, and won't hurt you. You see, we must be friends, old friends. Bless you, my child, I've known you from a baby, knew our father before you, dear old boy, and promised him on his dying bed I'd be a father to his- er, by the way, my dear, what's your name!" "Corinne. Do you want my maiden name?"

"No, never mind that. I always supply a maiden name myself when I deal with ladies, on the ground, ou see, that it's much better to keep real names out of bailbonds, even where they don't signify. In fact, the less real you put in, anyhow, the better. My signature must be on as many as a thousand ballbonds, first and last, in this city, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other places, and I've never yet experienced the slightest trouble. I think my good fortune is almost wholly due to the circumstance that I never repeat myself. I always tell a new story

every time. "Do they know you at the place where we're going ?"

"I fervently hope they don't, my dear. It wouldn't do M. Tulitz any good, or me either, if they did. No, no, you must introduce me. I am your friend, your life-'ong friend, Colonel Edward Lawrence Rivers I am a retired merchant. Formerly I dealt in hides-perhaps you had better say in skins, my dear; or second thought, it might be more appropriate to say in skins, and then again it would be more accurate say tender things. They only make me sad. Tell me I like to tell the truth when I can conveniently and what.—

without prejudice to the rights of the defendant. If I haven't dealt in skins as much as any other man on the face of the earth, then I don't know what a skin is. Ha! ha! my dear, I think that's pretty good for an old man whose wits are nearly given out with the work that has been imposed upon them. Let me say right here that the clerk of the court is a knowing fellow, and you want to mind

"Well, now, you needn't be, my child, you needn't be. I've had a great deal of experience in delicate matters of this kind and I guess we'll fetch your husband out all right. As for the danger, it's all mine; and as for getting found out, that will come in due time probably, but when it comes we'll all of us endeavor to view it from a remote standpoint where we can do so, I dare say, with comparative equanimity. So keep up your spirits, my dear, and trust to you old friend, the friend of your childhood, Colonel the skins. Ah, here we are! Just take a look at my necktie, child. Is it tied all right? And is my diamond pin there? No? Well, where the mischlet can it be? Ah, yes, here it is in my pocket. My jewel cases are all portable. There! Now, we're ready. Look timid, my child, but confident in the

closure in the custody of an officer was the Baron His sharp face lighted when he saw them approaching, and, as Corinne took her seat by his side, he pressed her hand. Presently his case was called and his lawyer arose to offer bail. He pre-sented Colonel Rivers. The old man was a spectacle of grave decorum. He answered the questions put to him about his residence, his family, his place of cated in Staten Island, Niagara County, Jersey City and Morrisania. He was worth \$300,000. He owed nothing. He displayed his deeds. He had never been nothing. He displayed his decas. He had never been a bondsman before. He didn't know Tulitz, but was willing to risk the ball to restore peace to the troubled mind of this poor little child, the orphan of his old friend and neighbor. Never was there a bondsman offered more unfamiliar with the forms and cereoffered more unfamiliar with the forms and ceremonies necessary to the record of the recognizance. 
He had to be told where he should sign, and even 
then he started to put his name in the wrong place, 
then he started to put his name in the wrong place. 
Corinne's eyes were full of tears when the old man 
gently drew her arm within his and led her from the 
court-room, with Tulliz and his lawyer following. 
He walked with them as far as Broadway and then 
he turned to say good-bye. He hissed her hand 
gallantly and called Tulliz aside.

"Skip!" he said, "and be quick about it."

L. E., Q.

CRUSHED.

"You seem to be in trouble," said a philanthropic citizen as he paused before an old man who sat on one of the benches in the City Hall Park looking the picture of woe; "what's the matter?" "Yes, I am in trouble-right into it deep," replied

the old man mournfully. "Are you sick, or out of work, or anything of that kind !" went on the gentleman. "No, that ain't it," said the old man, "but my boy,

only 'bout twelve years old, has been took up for "That's bad-is there anything in it do you think?"

"That's bad—is there anything in it do you think?"

"Yes, he was takin' a shirt from the front of a store in the Bowery when the cop grabbed him."

"That is very sad, very," said the kind-hearted gentleman. "There can't be anything much harder than to have such a boy. No wender you feel discouraged."

"Yes," replied the old man as he looked at the ground, "it's pretty tough at my age to have that kind of a boy. And there hain't no excuse for it, nether; I told him he'd got to be mighty keerful or they'd snatch him. I guess the next time I want a shirt I'll lift it myself and not trust no boy. You well say it is sad: I onet thought that boy would be a comfort to my declinin' years but it seems it ain't to be."

FOREIGN TASTE IN JEWELBY.

A clever French lady has prepared the following hedule of the world's taste in lewelry:

Oriental—Beaufful stones; poorly cut and poorly ounted. From The Jewellers' Weekly. ounted. Russian.—Faultless stones; mountings which lack yle. The jewelry is rich, but without taste or

ompett.
Spanish.—Nothing but votive offerings.
French.—With medicere stones, a little French—With medicore stones, a little gold and much taste incomparable leweiry is produced.

The author has nothing to say of American workmanship, but the readers of "The Weekly" have no doubt decided long ago that their products combine all the beauties and none of the defects of all the rest of the world taken together.

## HEALTH HINTS.

HOW TO BE WELL AND MISERABLE.

The mild weather-or something-is bringing for ward a remarkably large amount of advice about what to do to preserve health and live to be a hundred years old. There is never any lack of advice from the health and longevity experts, but a warm winter always seems to call out an especially large supply. If the people of this country lived up to half the advice given them by physicians and scientists who have got hold of theories and it worked as well as they claim, sickness would be almost unknown. Pig-uratively speaking, most of us appear to be a very tall tree and sewer-gas and disease germs are sitting around the foot of it howling and trying to climb up and get us.

We may sit down to our breakfasts, but the food is adulterated and we don't eat the right kind go to our offices, but the air isn't fit to breathe, and the silver quarter we get in making change after inncheon has typhoid fever germs on it. We lie down to sleep at night, but the room isn't properly ventilated and the electric currents don't go right. And over all our daily life, when we eat, work, play, sleep; while we stay at home and while we travel, hangs the dread monster, sewer-gas. Sewer-gas has been known to chase a strong, healthy man all the way through Harlem and half across Westchester County, gaining

on him at every jump.

These various enemies of the human race will also o-operate to a surprising extent. It has been shown by recent elaborate experiments carried on by Dr. Foogay, of Boston, that malaria will frequently got hold of a man and hang on till sewer gas comes up and finishes him. Dr. Foogay has also shown that there is nothing safe in this world except bran pudding and a vacuum, and he is preparing an indictment against the vacuum.

Personally, I have always tried to live the way theoretical gentlemen advised in most things. Take, for instance, the movements of the electric currouts. This is something you do not hear about as often as sewer-gas or tobacco, but when you do see an article on the subject it is deep. Several years ago I read a paper by Professor Crazybone, in which he showed that you should sleep with your head toward the north so the electric currents on their way to the north pole would pass through the body the right way. The plan looked reasonable and I adjusted my bed to meet its requirements. A few years after I ran across an equally scholarly article by Dr. Allhead, in which he proved that the electric current shouldn't pass from the feet to the head, but from the head to the feet, and, therefore, we should all sleep with our heads toward the south. I turned my bed. Now, at this late date, there comes an elaborate re-port of recent investigations by Professors Dry and Sear, in which it is shown that the electric currents are bad for the body no matter how they pass through, and the minimum of danger is found in sleeping with the head toward the east or the west. I have again wearily turned my bed. Perhaps after awhile it will get so I can get up in the night and change its posttion. If any man will show me a bed hung on a pivot I will buy it. I am quietly working on a bed-stead myself which can be wound up like a clock and will revolve all night and occasionally get up on its hind casters and prance about the room and turn a few handsprings.

If you are a man who wishes to retain his health you should rise at 6 o'clock in the morning. You have slept, of course, in a chamber the windows of which were open, allowing free access and circulation of the air. If the bedelothes should happen to be blown off at 5 o'clock you might get up then, though this is a disputed point, Dr. Harpever claiming that you should, Withered is positive that in order to be regular in your habits you should stay in bed till 6, even without the clothes. Regularity, the doctor says, is the keynote of life, and the man who gets up some mornings at 6 and others at 5, does so at his

peril.

After rising take a cold bath for twenty minutes, practice with dumb-bells for ten minutes, go out doors and walk briskly up hill for ten minutes, run up a steep hill or the roof of an Episcopalian church for ten minutes, practice high jumping and handsprings for five minutes. Enter the house and sit down to breakfast at exactly 7 o'clock.

Remember that everything depends on what you de not eat. Dr. Husks, of Philadelphia, has made the food question a life study and you cannot do better than to follow his advice. In the first place, you must not eat meat in any form. Meat is not a natural food of man. The man who eats meat is weak; the one who makes a diet of vegetables is strong. This is illustrated, Dr. Husks has ably pointed out, even in the animal kingdom; the stronger and more robust animals feed on vegetable matter while the weaker and less active are meat-eaters. To show the force of this it will only be necessary to call your attention to the weak and nerveless lion and the powerful and aggressive lamb; the debilitated tiger and the hearty,

Dr. Husks cannot, of course, recommend all kinds which he considers comparatively safe when no adulterated and which have not been exposed to dis-ease germs or sewer-gas. You may select for breakfast not above three dishes from the following list: Macaroni, graham gems, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hulled oats, husked corn, patent infant food, hominy, string beans, warm water, oats in the sheaf, cornstarch pudding, taploca, sago, bran, shorts and mill-feed. Do not overload your stomach. Keep your appetite under control at any cost. Remember that you eat to live and not live to eat. If the bran or the oats are too great temptations bandsh them from your Do not, I beg of you, become a victim of bran.

The oatmeal is recommended as best to start the breakfast on. It may take either the form of mush, gruel or porridge. Each is made by the addition of water to the oatment, but a wide difference is made water to the coatment, but a wide difference is made in the cooking, the mush being cooked over a slow fire, the gruel over a moderate fire, and the porridge over a quick fire. Bran biscuits make an excellent second course. Do not forget to practise mederation. The bran should be carefully sifted before using and the coarser part retained for the biscuits. Do not over-eat.

You will unfortunately have to drink something, experiments by Professor Rollingstone in an attempt to prove that drinking any kind of fluid is simply a habit having failed. Dr. Husks cannot for an instant consider anything but water. Tea and coffee are consider anything but water. The and dangerous. We can learn much as to what to eat and drink from a study of the lower animals, whose tastes and instincts have not been corrupted as have man's. The cow does not drink tea, nor, for that matter, coffee either. If man was not enfeebled by generations of coffee and tea drinking he might be as large and strong as the cow.

Nothing but water should be drunk for breakfast, or, indeed, other meals. It should be as near as possible at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees so as to avoid cracking the enamel off the teeth or injuring the linings of the stomach. As many of the disease germs as possible should be removed from the water before using by boiling, and, if possible, distilling. Even then you will swallow a large num-ber of germs every time you drink. You should of course have a filter. In a recent paper Dr. Wachem strongly recommends Dr. Snachem's filter, and during the course of an address delivered the other day by Dr. Snachem, he spoke highly of Dr. Wachem's filter Dr. Searchparty, who has a ratent ventilator to sel speaks highly of both filters. Probably you ha better get both. The cow does not use a filter, bu cows are not men.

Rise from the table promptly at half past 7, with a slight feeling of hunger. You will thus know that you have not eaten too much. No matter if the yield. For an hour after breakfast indulge in light and humorous conversation. Do not attempt any work, as the forces of the body are engaged in digesting the macaroni you are and should not be disturbed. Do not for an instant think of indulging in a cigar Tobacco is poisonous. Cigarettes are worse than cigars. Dr. Jekle and Professor Hyde estimate that if our old friend, the cow, were to smoke a cigarette it would kill her. Dr. Sombody says that no man can smoke three cigarettes a day and live to be forty years of age. The fact that there are men living sixty years old who have smoked more than that per day only shows to what lengths men will go right day only shows to what lengths men will go right in the face of science. A little learning is a dangerous thing. "Had these men the least respect for medical science," says Dr. Sombody, "they would have lain down at forty and died. What kind of a way is it for a man to act in this nineteenth century to go smoking around for twenty years after we have desclared him dead?" Unless you want to go on thinking that you are alive after all of we scientists know well enough that you are dead, you want to let eigarettes alone. Watch yourself closely for symptoms of gout.

you may walk about for thirty minutes, taking care to keep your shoulders well back and to breathe Russian—Faultiess stories; mountings which lack style. The jeweiry is rich, but wimout taste or originality.

English—Choice stones; mountings beastly and excessively heavy.

German—Poverty stricken and in bad taste.

Austrian—Heavier than the English; taste on a par with the German.

Italian—Has not advanced since the days of pompedi. begin the business of the day—attempting to exclude sewer gas from your house. Take a practical plumber and a good sanitary physician with you and go over your house looking for gas. A light luncheon of wheat and oats may be taken at 1 o'clock, and dinner of wheat, oats and Indian corn served at 6 o'clock. Go slow on these things. Be in bed by 8 o'clock and immediately fall asleep. Do not dream—Drs. Lasthore and De Spare's experiments show that dreams are injurious to the general health. Breathe as little as possible on account of the sewer-gas.

FRED H. CARRUTE.